pants n'skirt
Patriarchy makes us narky!
Issue 1. SEP 2000
NB. It is not a Crime to spill tea on your pants.
"if you come back, I will taunt you a second time."

Hello there, and welcome to our zine. If you have picked up this zine, it's likely that you are sitting, reclined on a café couch, sipping a latte. It is also likely that you have been moved by this zine's profound title. Pants n'skirt is more than just a current Newtown/Glebe fashion phenomenon. It's a way of life. It's a poo-poo to the stoopid rule that you can only wear one or the other.

It is no coincidence that so many womyn are now combining these two garments. With pants n'skirt you have it all! Comfort, style, warmth, and- let's face it- you can't be dacked if you're wearing pants n'skirt! Is there anything that pants n'skirt can't do?! We're not sure. You can't climb trees in just a skirt. Pants that hug your bum [enabling objectification] are easily de-activated with the addition of a skirt. And pants under your skirt demystifies the rarified accessibility of our bodies: over pants, the skirt is more of an extra piece of material, rather than an easily lifted up curtain to the "innermost part of our womanhood". [blerr-yuk]

This zine is written by womyn, for womyn and it is unashamedly about womyn. To tell you the truth, pant n'skirt is not really that profound. Who cares what you wear! What matters is what you say, and that you struggle to say it. We hope this zine is as inspiring to yous women as it was for us making it!

The media betrays you- make your own media!

Sincerely, pants n'skirt.

PS- Unpick the fashion dichotomy!

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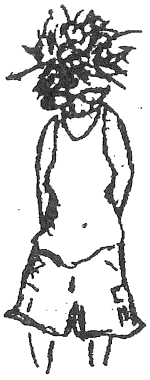
Patriarchy makes us narky!

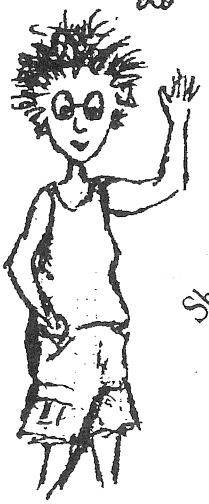


Father, I have sinned.

The first time I saw her she'd just come out of hospital for head a brain tumor and she had a shaved scar with an enormous scar her scalp. It was just after I arrived in that crazy iceberg of a country where the sun didn't come up. Her name was Martine and it took me half a year just to learn to say it properly. And even longer till we had our first stilted conversation In Norwegian - she refused to speak English to me. She was in my art class - and the most amazing drawer I've ever seen. But she was crazy. Used to drink herself sick and carve all her own tattoos into her arm with a razor. Chainsmoked. Wore big men's pants that were always falling down. Once we toasted marsmellows on the top of a big building overlooking the town, till we got chased away. We'd get together when we got drunk, pretending we did it just to shock people. I was so scared of her Wasn't till right at the end of the year I found out she wasn't insane, just in love. Ja, kanskje det gjør e òg I said. We came out together. It was our little secret, notes and all. The day I was ripped away again to the other side of the world she wore big dark glasses so no one could see her eyes. Hu' var så vakker. Savner dæ, Martine. Gloem itj, Ok?

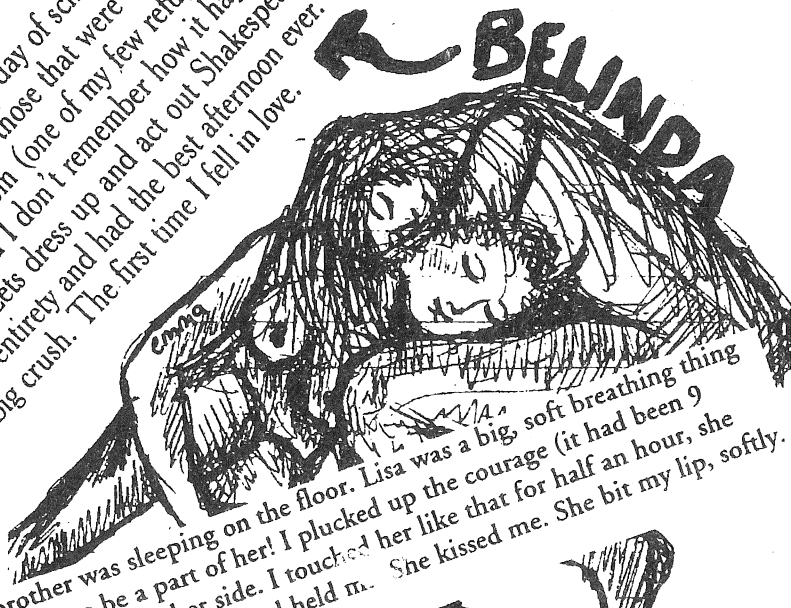
But it was kind of fun

I might even do it again

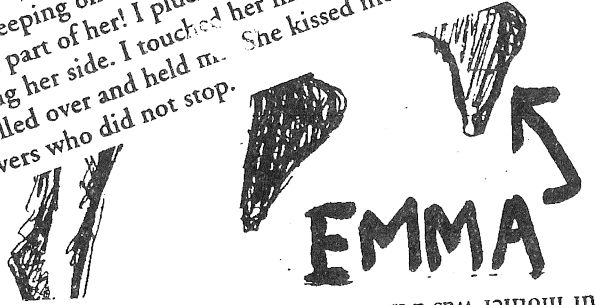


Actually, I'm off to become a lesbian!

She was 13 and I was 14. We met on the last day of school before Christmas. There were hardly any kids at school and most of those that were there were out on the oval having water fights. I was in the drama room (one of my few refuges) cleaning out the costume cupboards when suddenly (and I don't remember how it happened) this incredibly spunky girl appeared and said "Lets dress up and act out Shakespeare!!" We then acted out "Romeo and Juliet" in its entirety and had the best afternoon ever. That was the beginning of my first ever big crush. The first time I fell in love.



I was lying in my bed. My brother was sleeping on the floor. Lisa was a big, soft breathing thing next to me. How much I wanted to be a part of her! I plucked up the courage (it had been 9 months) and ran my electric hands along her side. I touched her like that for half an hour, she resisted. After then she gave in. She rolled over and held m... She kissed me. She bit my lip, softly. She stopped suddenly...later I had lovers who did not stop.



"Your mother was a hamster and your father smel

and
I want
to
tell you
now
how everything here
is
blue
and
green
how the sun rushes
to meet
the day
how the rain
comes
often
to wash away
the
grief
and
grime
how
my heart
has expanded
and
is filling the new grown night
around
us... Belinda

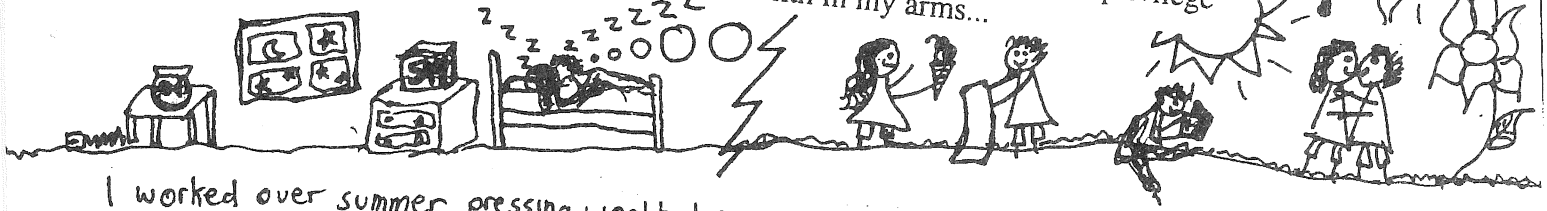
(Work Suit)

There goes the alarm again oh fuck how can it be 6:30 already five more minutes and let me sink into the warm heat of her body beside me but no its just too tempting and if I do I'll fall asleep again and be late yet again but how can I set this day in motion when its still dark outside and I'm so tired if only I was entitled to sick leave then I'd take it but I'm not every cent counts at least I can say I'm paying my own way now I guess I'm just lazy but more and more I'm dreaming of breakfasts that take two hours to eat, blue skies the sea at midday, afternoons lying in the grass, jasmine wafting everywhere....

B.

6 am. Every morning is the same, and I tire of it. Why must we work? I have these little fantasies of us at Uni together, swapping wry smiles in tutorials, lazing on the grass in the afternoon when we're supposed to be in class... but I must keep this job, and its horrendous hours. I'm afraid I can't get another one. Ripping my body away from your body is like silencing a beating heart. And this morning-ritual pervades our nights and days as well. Every night we are fragile, we have headaches, we fall asleep by 9:30. I snatch at our weekend breakfasts- they are my consolation. The memory of too many 6am days is erased by the sweet smell of bacon and the privilege of an extra few hours with your warmth in my arms...

EMMA.



I worked over summer pressing wool bales, saving up money for the big move from farm to city, money to pay rent. "tough job for a girl" the old blokes said. implying 'too tough'. "tough job for anyone" I should've said, cos it was. 180 kg of wool per bale, grasseeds, tinshed heat.* I was small & weak, but I got stronger. the young blokes decided I was a lezzo, & let me know through 'overheard' conversations. the assumptions don't bother me (they're right, after all), but the fact that they make them does. & I was worried that they'd decide to share their insights with my father, who I worked with, who I wasn't out to then. & I was so tired & I didn't want to have to keep up psychic defenses all the time (& I thought highschool was over...)

Louise.

I contemplate their logic while I work:

1: one cannot be both a 'real' girl & a 'real' worker!

∴ 2(a) (old blokes) 'she's a girl, so she can't be a proper worker. she's too fragile'

or 2(b) (young blokes) 'she's doing physical work. she's not acting fragile. so she can't be a proper (ie straight) girl!

either that or they think that something about the act of lifting wool & pulling levers makes one want to sleep with women... (a friend suggested that they could round up any suspected gay boys & put them to work to 'cure' them). I was in it for the money. I didn't want to have to prove anything. * I try telling this to them when they tell me to 'get a job', but they don't seem to care. it doesn't work that way.

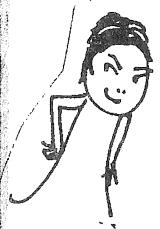
this is the song i find boring

weather the rain...

yeah, weather the snoooow...

soooo monotonous...

as if you'd bother weathering weather?!



or anything for that matter

women are always putting up with shit, being strong, patient, aggggh!

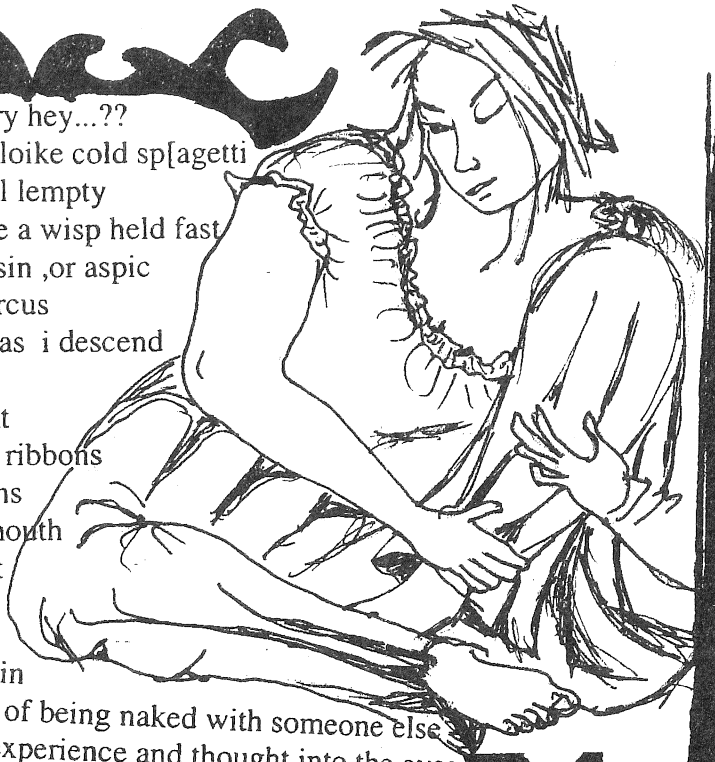
I say, don't just sit around "weathering" sexism and suffering cry, scream even!

Get a hammer!

- a conversation between belinda, emma + liz

USSY

just some poetry hey...??
once i felt like loike cold sp[agetti
now, it's just all lempty
a puff of smoke a wisp held fast
in gelatin or resin ,or aspic
walk into the srcus
peel off layers as i descend
scarf
great black coat
loosen ties and ribbons
undo top buttons
smoke in my mouth
ash in my heart



this one seems so sad,
she wants to share it again
the giggles and abandon of being naked with someone else
freedom to speak of all experience and thought into the eyes
and mouth of another.

so again 'tis late at night, late into the blue carpet,
and skank air
and paper!
never before have i seen so much paper!
paper rubbish squashed and dirty
crumpled 'neath activist foot
poster leaflet
it gets so booring
let us have no more paper i say!
there is a lot of resource fluttering to the corners
empty actions
actions will always speak louder that the text and graphic that advertise them.

will we forget the actions, only
remember the graphic and size font,
and why we put the picture at the top.

this paper talk is booring.
this wrap of red and indigo,
yellow and blue , thin fabrics
whirled around my hips many times
a gypsy campaigner rapping to an uninterested crowd
rapping! snort, written verse,
perhaps a snappy rhythm, but
ah ,
still,
complaining is not fun.

tell me about a sweep of blue road,
around a wheaten hill,
where golden light soaks into the dry grass and thick blue sky,
and the black trunks of the trees stretch
green leaves to the air

by liz

my mother left my father with a car full of kids and a belly full'o baby
she back-tracked it to Canberra, where we lived
in the shittiest suburb, in a housing co-op
she had many lovers- stupid men
who paled in *even the reflection*
of her immense imagination.

she taught us to sing
to be staunchly proud of poverty
she taught me how
to feed six with five dollars.

my mother had a magic
that I was always aware of, but
could never name-
I still can't, with all my politics,
explain that magic.

my mother's legs are hairy
'cause she's too darn tired to shave them
my feminism takes me away from her-
my feminism brings me closer
than ever... I tell you, though

I love that woman
with a love fiercer than loyalty.

a Poem (but even Poems (more)

a few drinks, i have
and laugh as i walk away
i look at my hairy calves
"you'll be old enough to shave your legs, soon."
my dad's wife tells my sister
her disappointment, never voices it.
a woman grumbles
and just cause it's family time
but there is a fire inside

a few drinks...
stop, emma
don't say any words
you might regret said.
don't say any words.

i dance just a little
but i stop. they can see it:
my brother can see it.
in my dance is a wilderness of woman.
a liberated body is never the same.
he also sees you, woman, my lover left behind.
two strong, supple bodies
perfect undulation.
you are the smell that lingers in my throat
the wry smiles they don't see
the midnight masturbation
celebration
anger,
the strength and freedom of me.

but i **do** walk away.

don't tell me to shut up about feminism, boy.
this one victory
is yours, i would not
drop my bomb on your family time

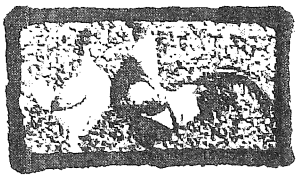
(that special time-
just once a year) but soon

i will explode
with these words, with
these ***fantastic*** words.

when he lay on me
i was always afraid
he would forget
that the colour of my eyes
was blue:
gentle, wild
battered
blue

(I, too, used to be "heterosexual")

And sometimes-
the craving for a cool afternoon
and the warm smell of dinner
and the sound of the guitar
my mother's voice a cup of tea
and the babies chasin' chickens in the yard...

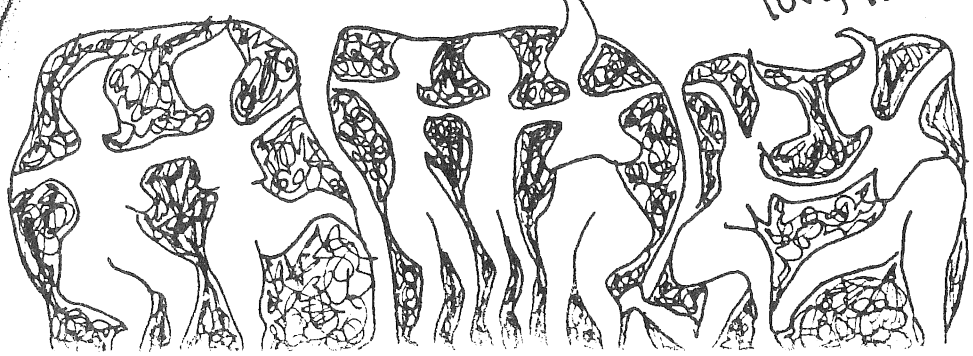


"It's only a flesh wound!"

so, there's this girl on the left. looking to the side, maybe at a mirror. she's kinda apprehensive, a little unsure of herself, not sure what she should be doing in this zine. afterall, she doesn't look <u>all that</u> empowered. not exactly a bastion of growling shit-stirring feminist imagery. hell! what do you expect? she's only got 2 dimensions! (well, allusions to a third). so, if we're gonna recognise allusions, we might as well recognise allusions to intelligence in her eyes, and the frumpiness in her dress. do you think she's off to join a revolution? <u>is she dressed for it?</u>

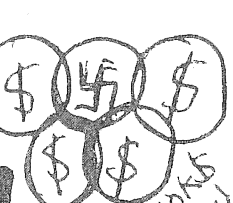
Who has to ask that question? **Why** is the question of body image and the "right clothes" still being asked of womyn, today? **fuck this shit!** throw the frump divide in the bin! clothes may maketh the man, but they sure as hell ain't makin' this womyn do <u>anything</u>! i've had enough of patriarchy making me feel bad about my body, and i bet there are a few more womyn out there feeling the same. it's our revolution, and we can't dance if we feel bad. girl on the left - join our revolution! we don't have a dresscode, we're here to support each other, and while empowered feminist imagery is a great thing, We don't have to limit ourselves to 2 dimensions!!!

love, liz

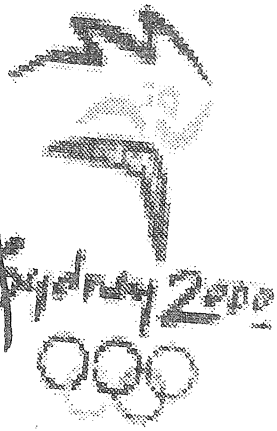


(MY LIFE IS USUALLY MORE POLITICAL THAN THIS)

Living in the Olimpic City

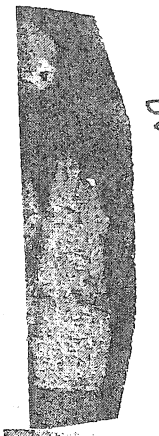


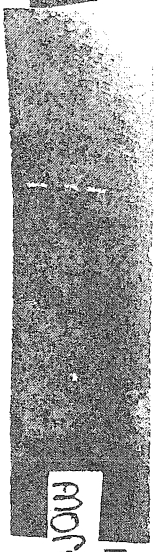
it's so strange to be back from Melbourne and stuck in this city of olympic fervour.....there's the flags everywhere, plastic ones sticking out car windows, hanging outside houses. the people gather in the pub across my road later than usual and cheer and chant and grunt *'go aussie go !'* just like those who lean out their car windows and yell at me as i wait to cross parramatta rd in blue night-dress and shawl, of course they also yell out 'I WANNA FUCK YOU SO HARD' and 'YEH BABY' and all that shit, is it just me or does it seem like they do that more often now that it's the time of *'o-LIM-pics'*

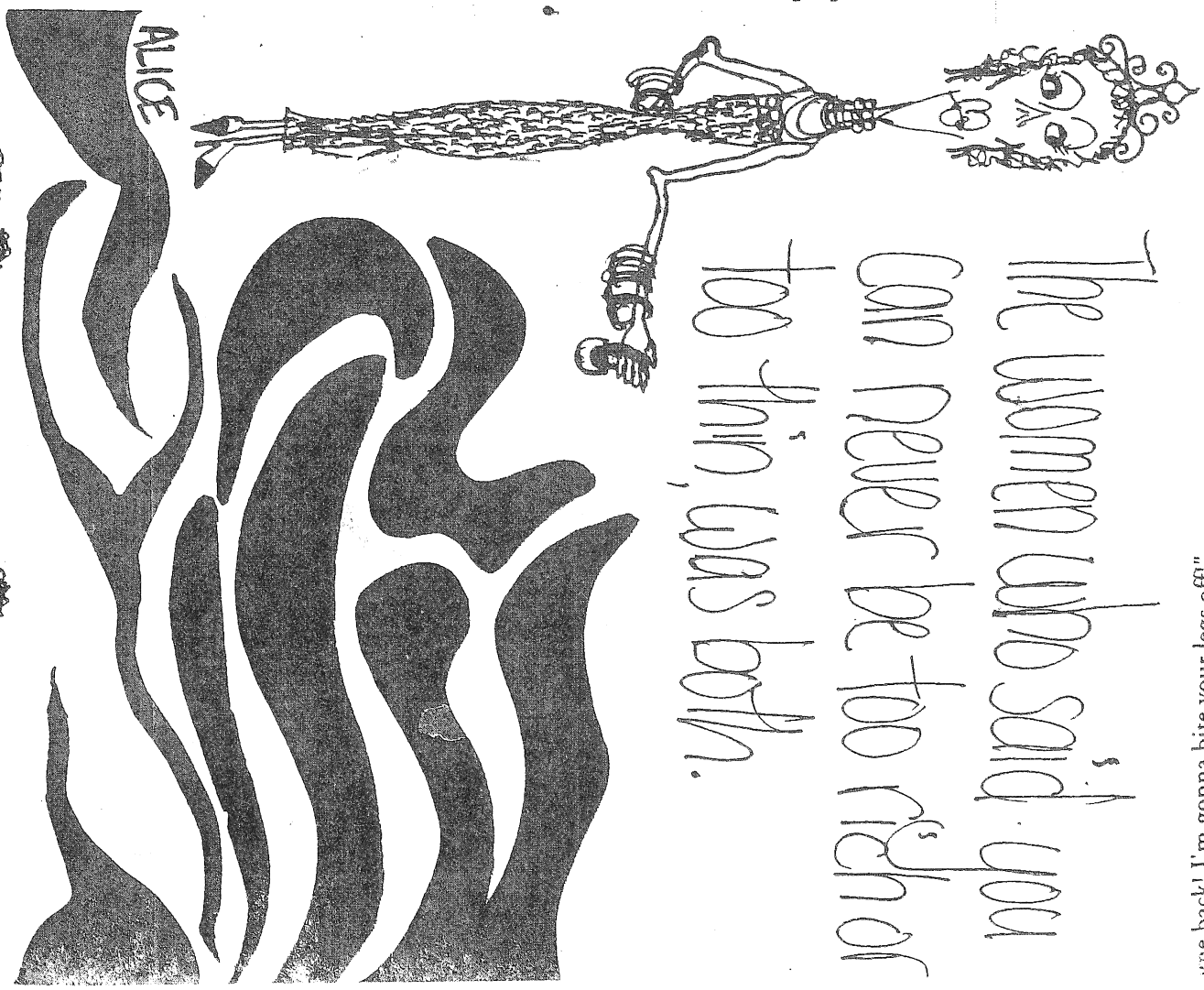


i just wanna get back in tash's car and drive far far awayfromhere, up to the North coast where that guy at the servo thought we were going. if it wasn't for work and fucking extended olympic trading hours.....god knows i need the money rent goes up in the olympic city, saw ben in the liquorland today (he's working those olmympic hours too) talked about s11 he's probably thinking, there's evelyn still buying spumante, haven't moved on past that $4 champagne

evelyn






ALICE
morning at last, skip breakfast, feeling sick, toilet, quick!
The woman who said, you can never be too rich or too thin, was dead wrong.

"me back! I'm gonna bite your legs off!"

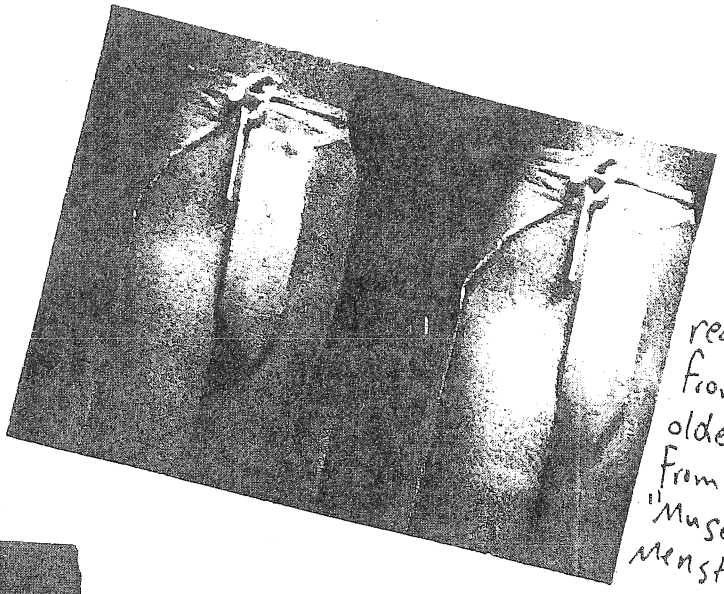
Weird, funny stuff:

That we found.

THE TRAGEDY OF
-NAN-
Domestic Hands

FACES THAT REFLECT
Domestic Cares
ARE TRAGIC, TOO

TOO BLOODY RIGHT!!!



real pads from the olden-days from the "Museum of Menstruation".

Honest to God - this is exactly what it said!!↓

#13. MY MOTHER HAS A CARDBOARD LEG!!

"Not necessarily, I could be arguing in my spare time..."

a CritiQUe of paNts aND sKirt bY eV.

now i got nothing against pants 'n' skirt personally, y'know, in fact i'm doing the pants 'n' skirt thing right now and those of you that know me know i do it all the time. but i just reckon it's dumb to glorify this outfit. like, it's not as if women aren't already constantly defined and judged by what they wear. short hair? she's a dyke. addidas? she's from blacktown. fairy skirt? she's a bimbo trying to be alternative. And pants 'n' skirt seems to have become this kind of activist uniform, along with a politically screen-printed bonds t-shirt. fuck uniforms i say! i don't wanna exclude all those women who aren't into pants 'n' skirt from being activists. but anyway, m main point is that we gotta move beyond looking at the aesthetic.

the other thing about pants 'n' skirt is that often womyn put on the skirt to hide our bums. 'oh-my-god my bum looks so fat in these pants i gotta cover it up'. and that's not a nice feeling to have, when you just wanna bound about in jodhpurs.

so yeh, pants 'n' skirt are ok, and i don't mean to be dissing my sisters, but i guess i would have preferred something- oh- a little more 'political' for the title.

Cigarettes and bitter coffee
are a stopper
in my throat
that last morning
when the sun
is a too bright ache
across your window
and a silk dress
my
only comfort...

You have
the right
to a life
free from
rape, incest,
violence, abuse
and discrimination -
FIGHT FOR IT

LESBIAN SELF-ACTUALISATION

27/1/99

Evelyn

like *fuck* i'm so glad i broke up with that boy. DOWN with him and down with the patriachy. so glad i got in touch with my lezzo side and another girl. *so* glad he knows. don't care if half the fucking world knows (except maybe my parents)

i don't know if my experiences with men have made me gay but they have SUCKED and i'm sure as hell not gonna go through all that again. so never gonna be a valleygirl thinking i need guy friends and boyfriends to make me a complete person. How dumb is that when most boys suck?

[redacted] this is a word i just made up [redacted]

Dream a little dream .....

how much is it like this now?

no thanks to all those who said i'd never make it or there was no such place

7/2/99

came out to my brother today. i was in his room scabbing a chupa chup, looking at his posters, and i asked him if he thought liking spice girls and kylie minogue was an indication of sexuality. he didn't really get what i meant. so i just said i'd been with another girl and he asked 'who?' and i said 'guess' and he guessed right 'can i shake your hand that's so cool, now i know a lesbian' he said.

20/3/99

i really really hate the hsc. fuck it. fuck the hsc. fuck my grade and their stupid bullshit labels. they don't have a clue what i'm about apart from being a dyke, a vego, a greenie, a hippie, a carpet-licker. the only thing that gets you through it is the thought that after all this, after this year, you'll be moving out to sydney, getting the broadmindedness, the lesbians&gays&hippies&bookreaders.....

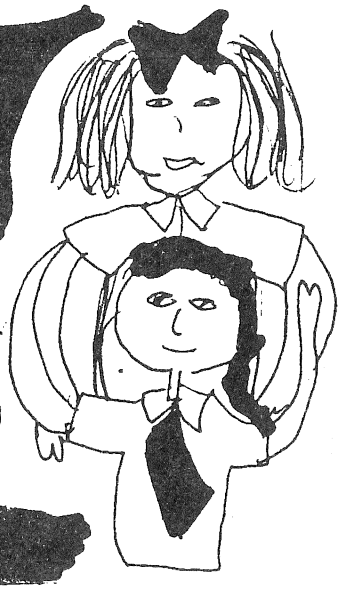
[redacted]

miss you kimmy J

8/4/99

truth is i have no idea where my life will be heading, that's living in the present reality for you. will i stay a lesbian if i even am one, if there's such a thing as defined sexuality, what if i'm bi, what if i'm a deluded hetero going through a stage, what if leviticus was right? then what?

? ? ? ? ? ?



9/4/99

i love women.

i think i have loved so many women in my life. girl-love it just sneaks up on you it grows from behind and its just there. i love girls i love to hold them i love lying with my head in a friends lap and them stroking my hair and holding hands. i never felt so in tune with my body and its desires. is this my sexual peak? isn't this sposed to happen when i'm 30?

i hope i'm not making this up to trick myself into believing i'm a lesbian.

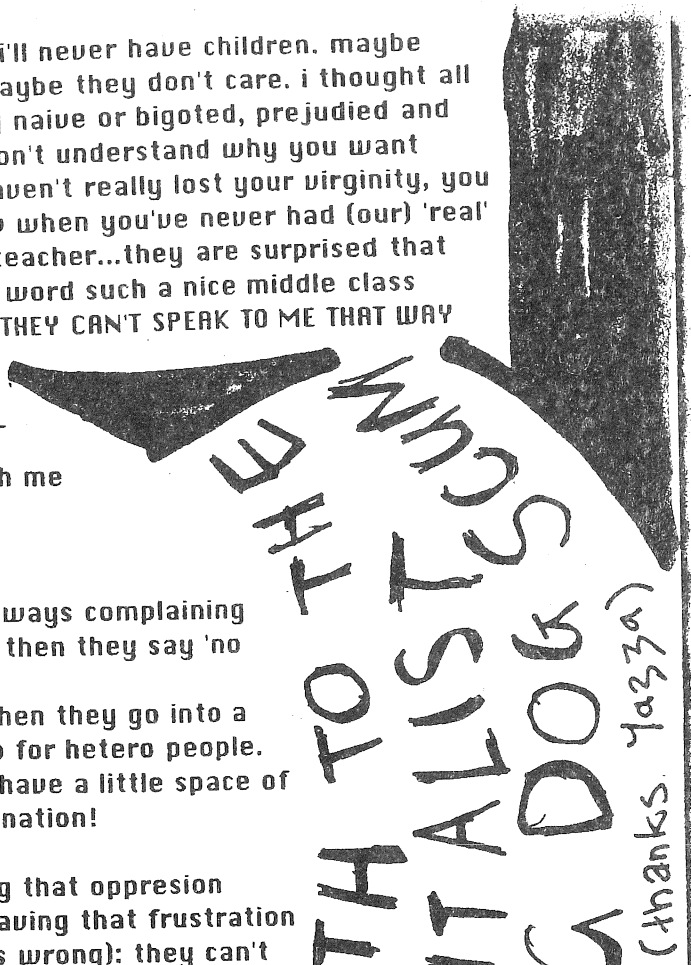
[redacted]

26/4/99

(with my straight best friend)no-one will ever understand what's going on inside of me and i won't them. so i lay there in the dark crying and even though i was right next to her i still felt more alone than ever and i just wanted her to cradle me and comfort me so i could know that everything is alright and we are still close.

FUCK YOUSE

25/5/99
it makes me so angry when people tell me i'll never have children. maybe they don't realise how much it hurts me, maybe they don't care. i thought all my friends were tolerant but they're really naive or bigoted, prejudied and homophobic. you'll never have children, i don't understand why you want pussy when you've already got one, you haven't really lost your virginity, you just need a deep dicking, how do you know when you've never had (our) 'real' sex, you must have a crush on that music teacher...they are surprised that that teacher and her 'partner' (i hate that word such a nice middle class cover up) didn't fuck on the dinner table....THEY CAN'T SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY



19/7/99
amelia: so r u gonna hit all the lesbian bars now yr 18?
ev: i dunno.....i'd be too shy, you guys have to come with me
amelia (laughs): we can't do that ev
alex (forcefully): yeh we can't
amelia: we'd get kicked out for being straight
alex: i reckon thats such discrimination, that. they're always complaining about how we discriminate against them and stuff and then they say 'no straights'
ev: but that's what it's like everyday for gay people, when they go into a hetero nightclub. the whole worlds designed and set up for hetero people. (passionately) why shouldn't gay people be allowed to have a little space of their own! every day gays experience so much discrimination!
alex (angry): like what?
ev (before going to queer action collective and realising that oppresion happens on many fronts, not just the legislative, but having that frustration of the opressed when they know but cant define whats wrong): they can't buy a house together, they can't visit if the other one's sick, they can't adopt.... but anyway, this is so crap. you sound just like those people who say mardi gras is discriminatory...
alex: well it is
amelia: calm down evie come here
ev: NO!

even when we're big and grown-up and live in the city can't forget our pasts back in woy woy or whatever...

25/7/99
I think I should just not talk to my friends about sexuality issues they don't understand and they never will and why should they and why bother maybe someday I'll find a friend who can understand

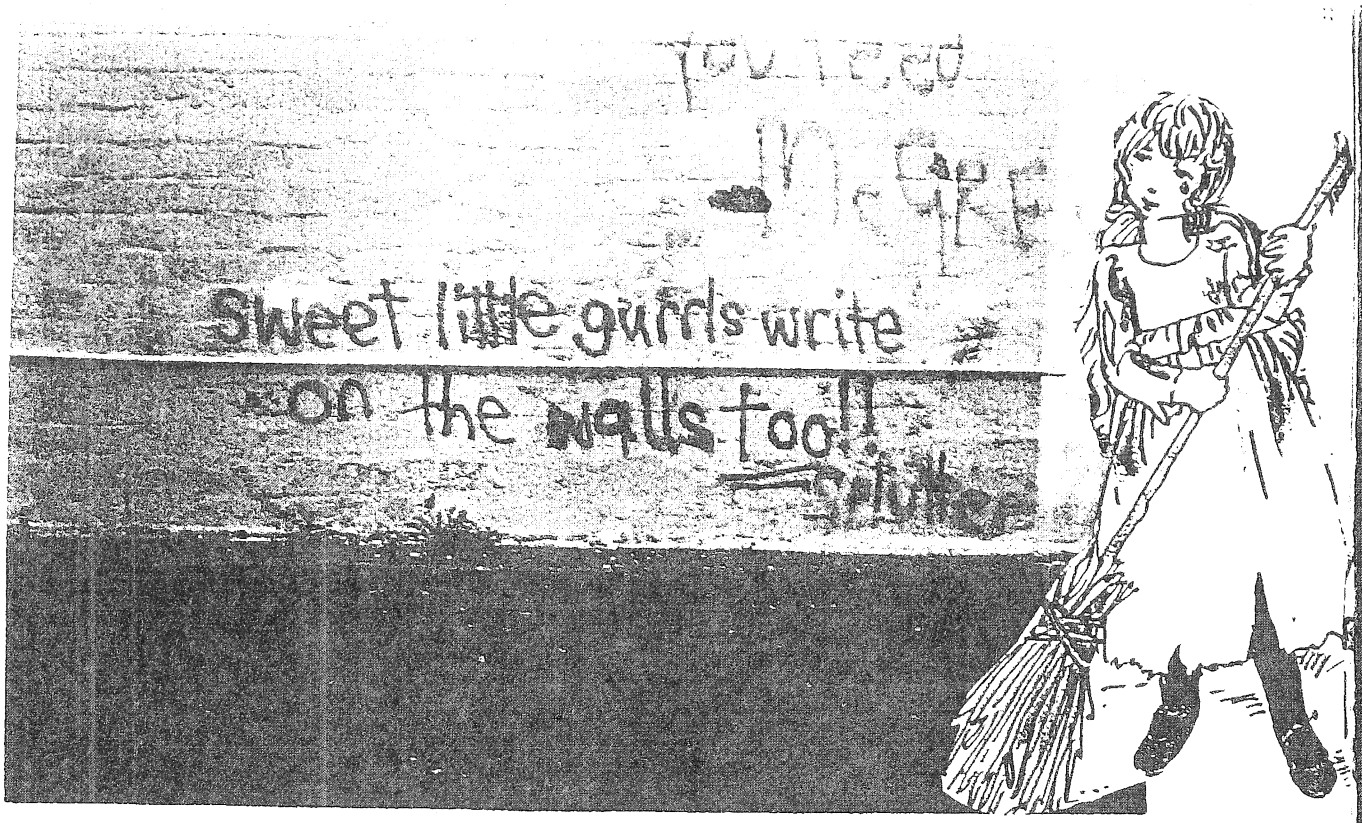
15/8/99
reading all about radical lesbian feminism it's all starting to make sense to me now like no-one ever proved that sexuality is an inborn thing and there are heaps of women who say they deliberately *chose* to be lesbians. this means that it's ok that I didn't have some strong lesbian sex drive when I was six years old. it means I can be a lesbian now that I can feel it totally embodies me whole that I really am a lesbian without having doubt in the back of my mind cos unlike mr johhnny gay I didn't know when I was five.

hey hey don't forget this pain that yr sisters are feeling gotta help em

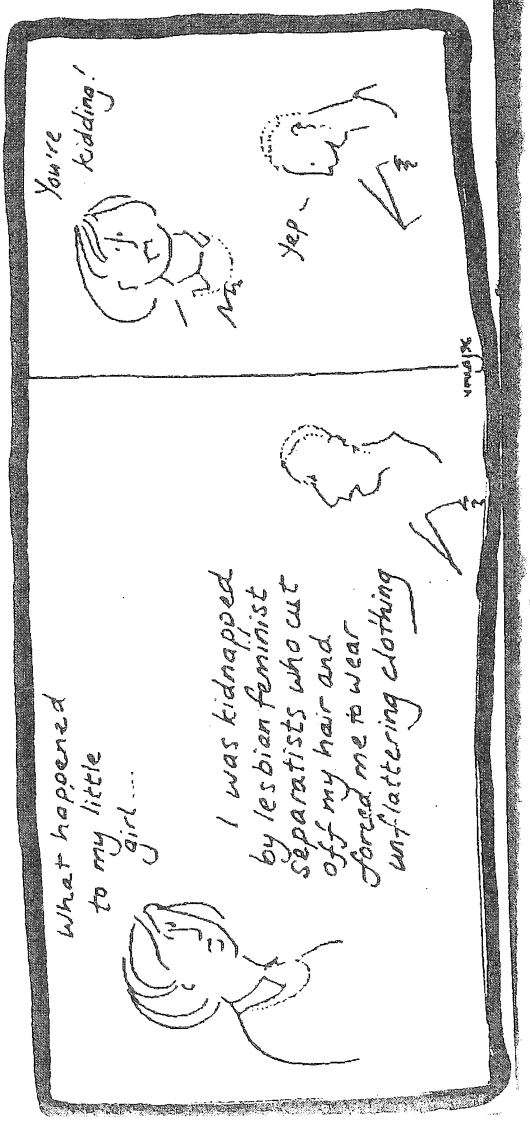
HAPPY (but of course I've still got 'issues')

BY EVELYN

I'm not saying being a lesbian was some *conscious* choice (that's it I think I feel myself turning) but saying that my experience in the world have shaped my sexuality and if I see the way a heterosexual realtionship works and want out it's ok. radical lesbian feminism has helped me more than all those pride websites and gay and lesbian counselling line which all assume biological determinism and separate sexuality from all the other facests of your life like being a woman I am am a dynamic whole person and I am a lesbian


Sweet little gurrls write
on the walls too!

FRIENDLY ZINE MAILORDER
has moved house.
looking for new
things to distro &
people to read them.
smallscale attempts at communication.
send a letter & a stamp to:
PO BOX 4 ENMORE NSW
2042
have a cup of tea.
obligatory email: williamgates@hotmail.com

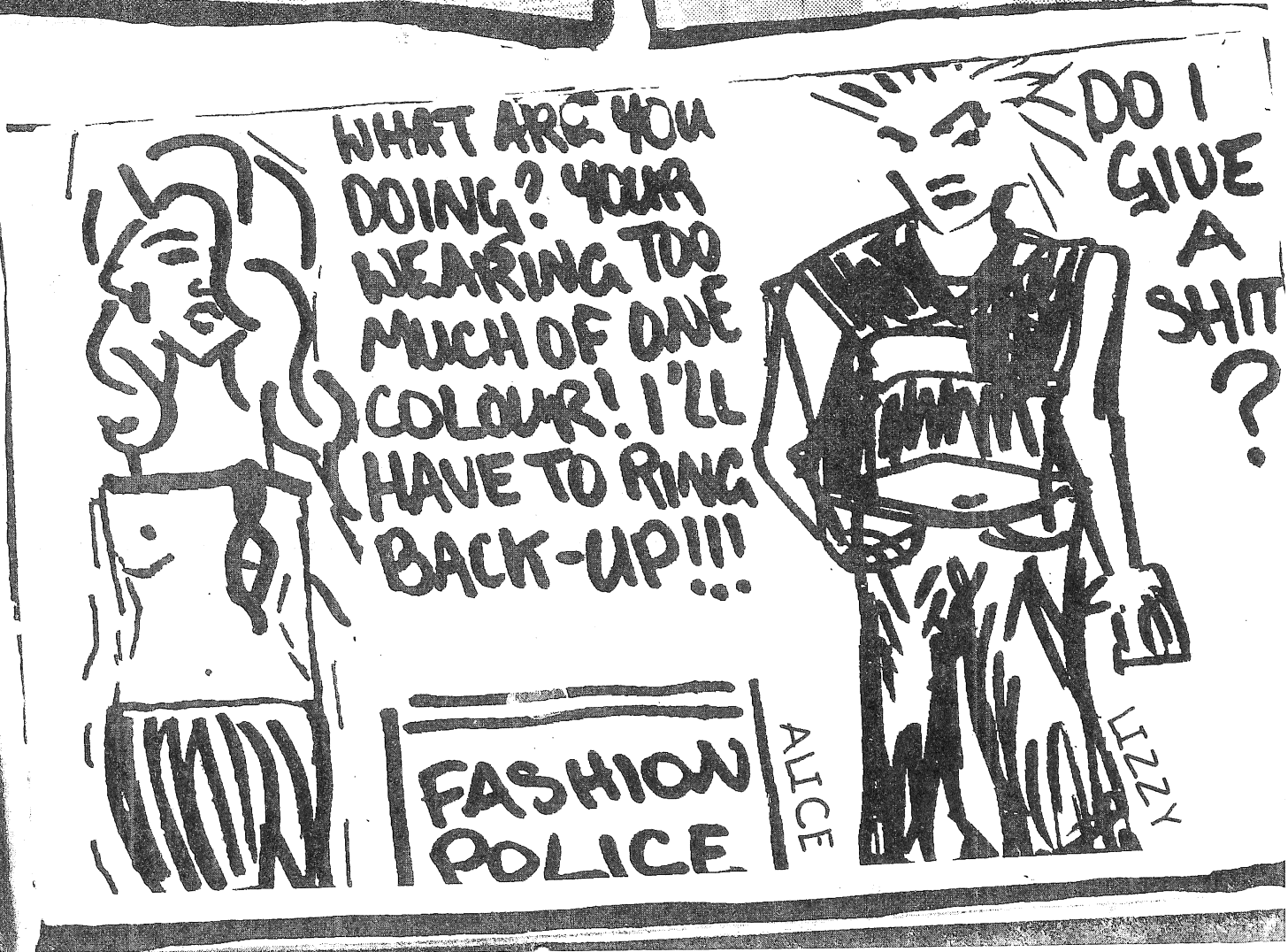

You're kidding!
Yep.
What happened to my little girl....
I was kidnapped by lesbian feminist separatists who cut off my hair and forced me to wear unflattering clothing

f.u.g.g

FEMINIST
UNDERGROUND
GUERILLA
GROUP

If you want to get involved in protecting our environment from sexism, and are partial to the odd spray can, contact your women's officers on 9668 5222 for info on FUGG.

GET WOMEN'S BODIES OFF THE MEDIA MARKET



Obsession in Holme Courtyard

I like the way
at 3pm (well, 3:05)
I each Wednesday
I will find you there
with trailing friends or
just your books
your red-nailed hands
swinging about in
excess animation
your or dark head
bending low to read
you watch me come
you watch me go
you have become
(along with coffee)
my regular after class
treat.

Belinda

Sesame
Vegan Catering
We don't only taste great, we're ethical too!
9519 4252
sesamevegancatering@yahoo.com.au

scooter bandchick gigs
email:
scootstar@yahoo.com
Scooter happens once a month on Sat. evenings @ The Imperial Hotel. Go! It's Excellent!

SEPO
SEPO.
After a long day fighting the Patriarchy- What could be better than relaxing with the refreshing experience of seperation. SEPO™ - JUST BE ONE.
NB: The makers believe that SEPO™ will not smash the Patriarchy on its own.

socialisation

by Emma

empowering!

women playing punk/ hardcore
feminism and lesbianism
indigenous sovereignty
s11 protests
loving your body the way it is
feminist art/ poetry, etc
collectivism (sharing stuff)
speaking-out and listening to others
trying to understand people who are different to you
revolution and militant resistance
hope in a fairer world, activism
collective organising
interacting with people with politics in mind
woman, womyn, grrl
equal lesbian relationships
liking someone for their personality, politics, imagination, etc
socialisms
alternative media that seeks to represent real women
defacing sexist bill-boards

breaking the law in protest
listening to many arguments of many different people
thinking for yourself and trusting in your comrades
reading this zine, making your own zines

damaging

women who sing in pretty-girl pop bands
playing lesbian to impress boys
racism/ nationalism
the olympics
dieting, reading cosmo
women's art that is anti-feminist
ambition to **beat** others, selfishness
silence, depression, defeat, suicide
only bothering with people who are just like you
reformation, conservatism and careerism
cynicism and withdrawal from the world
preaching lifestylism
forgetting your politics and treating people like shit
slut, slag, tart, bitch, chick
abusive, oppressive, strict butch/femme

objectifying: look at the arse on that!
"democracy"

porn, sexist ads, mainstream media
arguing that that it is wrong to break the law
breaking the law for "fun"
being brainwashed or becoming obsessed with one person's views

doing what you're told/ being a doormat
watching shit TV and forgetting to **fight the patriarchy**!

I like Sailor Moon
even though it's dodgy.
it's sexist
it's anime porn
which is no better than
real porn, really.
I don't believe in the politics
of reclaiming dodgy stuff, like
"Hey don't fuck with me, boy
cause I'm a psycho-slut!"

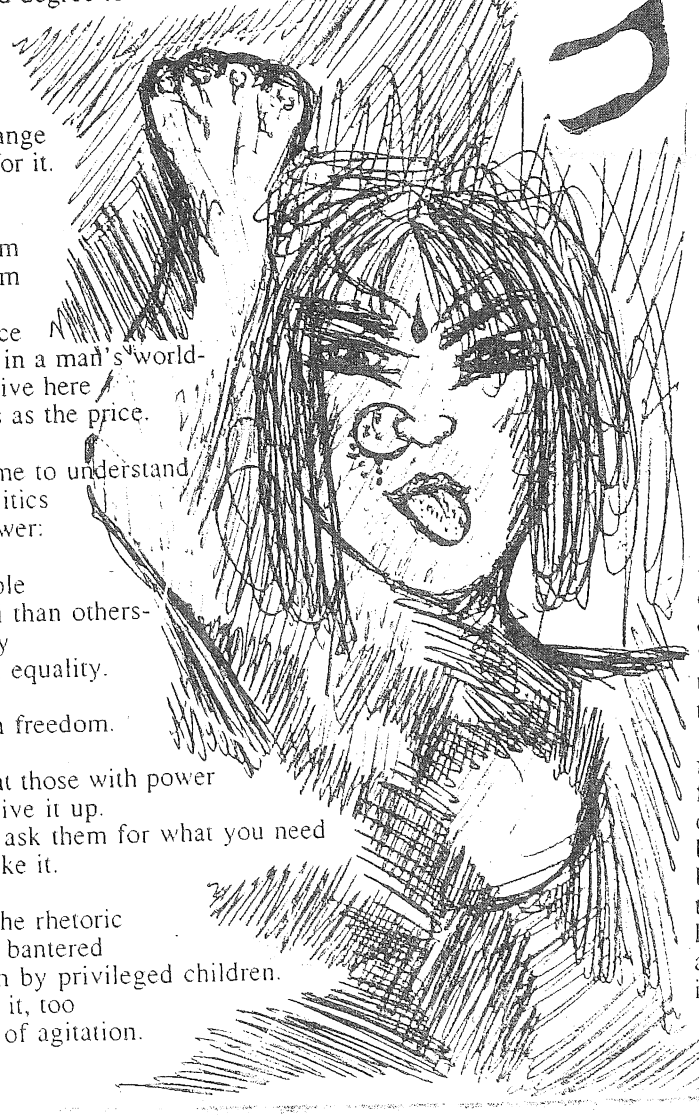
No, Sailor Moon does not
represent free, tough woman
no matter how hard I look-
she represents
little girls being used to
a) fulfill male fantasy
b) teach little girls that
you ***can*** be tough
but you must **still** be
skinny, and pretty and
you must still chase
"romance" above all else.

so Sailor Moon is dodgy
but I still like the images-
why?
socialisation.

and we cannot blame
ourselves for that-
although we can try
to overcome it!

(R)evolution

By Emma



I speak in poetry-
because it is ***my*** language.

not because I am a "poet"
or an academic
not because I am "clever"
or "witty"
but because poetry
belongs to the oppressed.
because poetry
belongs to those who have suffered.
poetry
belongs to women.
it is the language
of pain
of hope
of survival.

why (R)evolution?
why even try?
why even dream?
why wish that things will change?
because they can.
because racism is learnt
sexism is handed-down
and capitalism is illogical.

because I have **seen** change
I have **seen** the destruction of misconception
the breakdown of prejudice.
I have seen white people,
my shameful people,
brush tears of remorse
from their eyes
when they understood
(with the limited degree to which we can
understand)
the *horror*
of genocide.

I have seen change
and I **hunger** for it.

I now know
that **every** room
is a men's room
that **society**
is a men's space
We are women in a man's world-
and we pay to live here
with our bodies as the price.

now I have come to understand
the ways of politics
the ways of power:

that some people
are more equal than others-
that democracy
does not mean equality.
that capitalism
does not mean freedom.

I have seen that those with power
don't wanna give it up.
you can't just ask them for what you need
you have to take it.

I have heard the rhetoric
of revolution, bantered
back and forth by privileged children.
I have spoken it, too
this language of agitation.

I understand the capitalist beast-
it keeps us thinking:
"at least we're alive
we've got food on the table
so let's just count our blessings"

' rich piggies buy porches while we
struggle.
and our brothers and sisters starve.

I have come to understand
that 44 percent of women in australia
have experienced sexual violence
-face to face-
and that every woman knows too well,
when walking late at night,
that a man's footsteps behind you
could mean
that your body is harmed
that your freedom is crushed
that your power is stolen
that your memory is bruised forever.

this is patriarchy
and it affects women.

I have **NOT** been unable to ignore
the noxious comments
of white gay boys
who think I am too loud
who think I am too feminist
who think I am too woman

I am
unable
to forget-
that they hate me.
that they think I am disgusting.
that they joke about women.
that they ignore us,
devalue us.

well this is patriarchy
this is white supremacy
this is rich white gay boys
refusing
to acknowledge their privilege-
and it affects lesbians.

and it makes me sick
it hurts me
everywhere.
I feel it like a punch in my stomach.

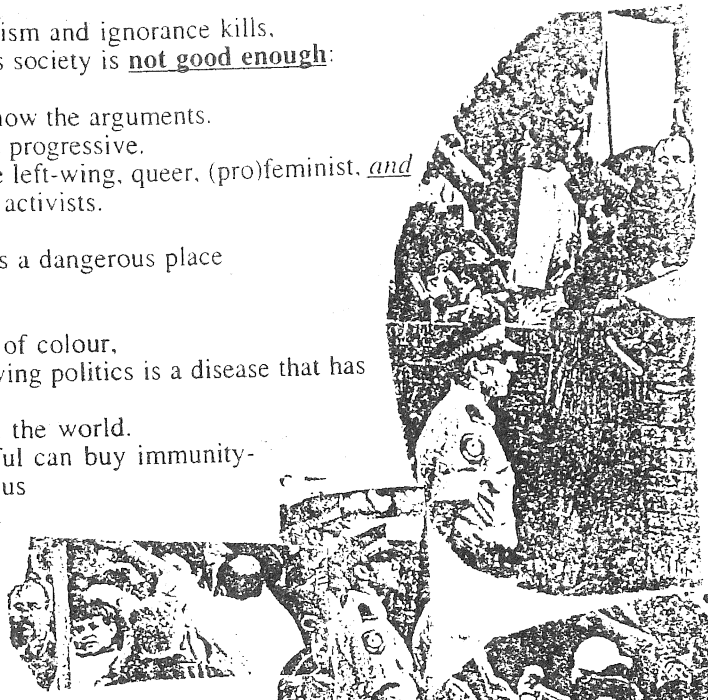
it is horrible
to be reminded
of the way in which the rich white boys
can be so cool
can be so calm
while we struggle for our voices
to be heard and
to grow.

for **this** reason,
for the fact that sooooo fucking many
of my friends have been raped,
because women suffer from eating disorders,
because sexist advertising
that tells me what to look like
how to act
and what to do
is *everywhere*,

because racism and ignorance kills,
because this society is **not good enough**:

we **must** know the arguments.
we **must** be progressive.
we **must** be left-wing, queer, (pro)feminist, *and*
anti-racism activists.

the world is a dangerous place
for queers
for women
for people of colour,
and right-wing politics is a disease that has
spread
throughout the world.
the powerful can buy immunity-
the rest of us
are bashed
are raped
are poor
starve
struggle
suffer.



it is not up to me
to save the world.
it is not up to any of us-
alone.

but if you have the privilege to study
to think
to theorise-
listen
to the arguments.
respect the Indigenous owners of the land
be a (pro)feminist
reject racism
acknowledge your privilege.

why work for change?
we *may* fail
we may not see in our life-times
a better world
but better happens bit by bit
and I believe
that our revolutions must happen:

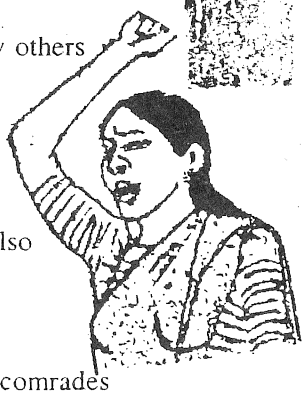
women
indigenous

lesbian
poor
black
gay...
speak out!
strike out!

the law betrays us-
we must break the law.
the systems oppress us-
we must have new systems.

we must not accept that "in this world
some win-
some lose"

fate is a fallacy
luck is a myth
some lose because they are beaten by others
beaten down
beaten into the ground.
some win because
they fuck-over others.



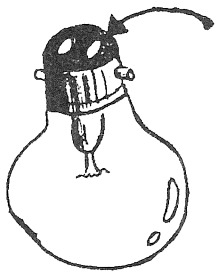
hold onto your anger like a red flag,
it will endanger you- yes, but it will also
bring you closer to your people.

you will be bruised
you will cry and scream
but the healing hands of friends and comrades
will make this awareness a strength.

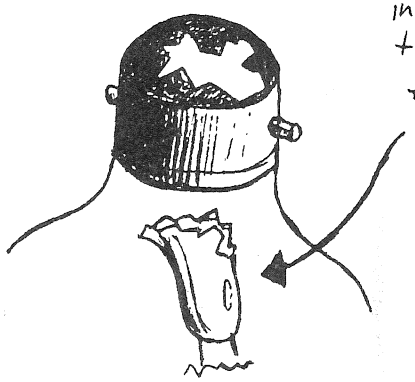
EQUIPMENT

PAINT BOMBS

There are probably other ways to make these, but light bulbs hold a lot of paint, throw well, and are cheap if you buy in bulk from a warehouse.



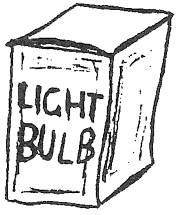
(1) Prise out the 2 little metal pads, then carve or smash your way through the black plastic with a knife till you get to the inside of the bulb.



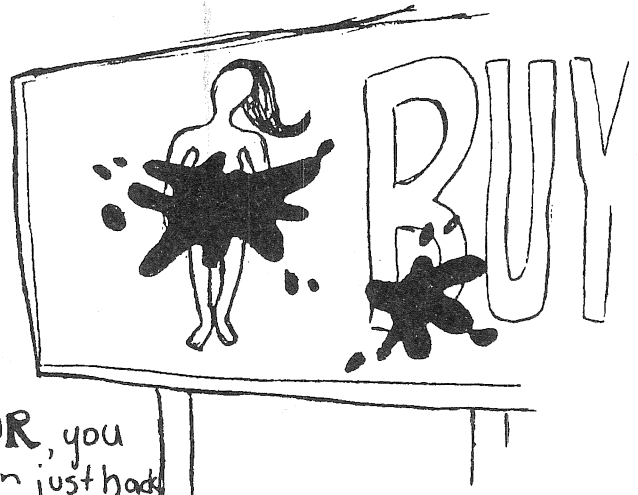
(2) Smash out the inside glass bit with the filament, eg with the prong of a fork. Don't worry about trying to get it out of the bulb.

OR, you can just hack thru the bottom bit with a hacksaw, ½ way along the metal.

(3) Pour in paint and tape over the top. It's best to use enamel (ie not water-based) paint because it doesn't wash off so easily. Put them back in their boxes for travelling.



(4) Finally: FIRE AWAY! Be careful though, light bulbs tend to send off a lot of fine shards of glass.



SUPER SOAKERS

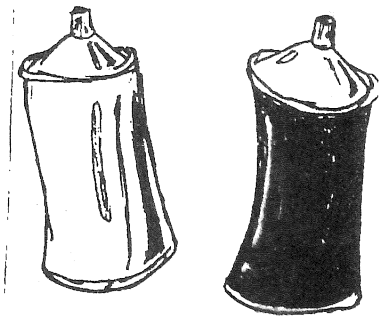
ie those pump-action water pistols that shoot really far. Fill them up with watered-down paint, but careful they don't clog because the nozzles are quite small.

POSTERS & STICKERS

Posters can be put up quickly with paste made out of flour and water, painted on with a big brush. Stickers, of course, are always good to carry for whenever the urge for an unplanned action hits.

SPRAY CANS

Take at least one light and one dark colour. It helps to practise first. Remember to hold them upside down and spray till they run clear after using, so they don't clog up.



"Now we see the violence inherent in the system!"

b: one of those yobs in the park, said I looked like a transvestite because I was wearing pants'n'skirt, and I just laughed : as if I'd be insulted by that anyway!!
e: guys are just limited, in thought shape mind and form
b: not all guys
e: ??
b:I know some guys that are...
e: that are what?
b: that wear dresses, not that that's subversive in itself, but I do know some guys who don't give a shit about what womyn SHOULD be wearing, and hairy legs, make-up and all that, but then again, that's just my male friends. [I only have about 2!] of course, generally speaking men are sexist dickheads. period. [editors' period]

e: yaaah, like, today, I'm wearing make-up and sparkly things, and a boy was really surprised , a la "wow, you look lovely, you should do that every day" not that it's a bad thing, compliments and the like, but seriously, womyn shouldn't be forced to spend an hour in the bathroom each morning just so someone can say they look pretty and therefore more capable of going about their daily businesses, corporate takeovers, and fugging.

b: I'm glad you mentioned fugging, referring to I guess to feminists cos even after years of "love your body the way it is" and being a dyke too, I still have days of waking up feeling ugly, and having to fuss about with make-up and my hair for ages to get up the confidence to get out: it's an oppressive feeling.
<the two "as some would identify them as dykes"lapse into a satirical parody of activist talk>
e: yaaah, lyke, sometimes, I juuust feeel lyke, lyfe just-gets-so-oppressive.
b: yeeeah-well I juuust wanted to say that I agree with everything that liz said, and also wanted to add, that this is a problematical issue.
e: heeey, thanks belinda, lyke, I <u>really</u> appreciate you saying that, but....lyke...could, you, ...not?...talk about me in the, lyke, third person. lyke oppression at a distance is soooo disorientating....(thanks)

b: but seriously now, you seem to have a problem [a problematic problem] with being serious, liz..I hate the way other women make me feel bad about not conforming, I'm thinking of my sister "aaaHHH!! look at your legs!! they're sooo hairy!!" " Aaahh!! why are you dressed like a boy?"
e: yaah, totally, capitalism is sooo insidious the way it splits the sister hood. not that I'm saying capitalism started patriarchy or anything.

b (I take it that you mean that sarcastically!) but getting back to pantsn'skirt , I used to worry about, as a dyke, what I should be wearing, you know, the butch femme dichotomy is pretty dumb, and I wanted to escape any of those dodgy stereotypes. pantn'skirt helps to subvert that.
e: yeah! I know what you mean! when you meet a spunky dyke, and you reach this dilemma about what to wear...so she can recognise that you're a dyke too...when I got so deep into that dilemma, I got sooo grumpy that I was spending so much time constructing this dyke identity in clothing, that I called the whole crush thing off. pity, huh?
b: but I could probably tell you were a dyke even if I didn't know you. but then again, my gay-dar is highly developed! and it's not that when a woman has short hair I think, mmmm, dyke, well, sometimes, it's more about how dykes engage so directly, like looking right into your eyes and smiling as they walk by you on the street, [instead of looking through you, or at your clothes and hair].

e: yeah, [snort] princesses!! dyke princesses are much more fun to ponder about though! [giggle giggle] dyke princesses wear pantsn'skirts in the street and grin at other dykes and lesbians in the street, and climb trees, and make zines and...
b: ...sometimes wear lipstick but mostly not, and go on the bus to coogee women's pool, and go en masse to scooter, and sing and dance (unstylishly) in public and know themselves to be brilliant
e: yay! shall we finish like that?
b: ok

Liz & Belinda

a conversation in a corner about pants-n-skirts-n-princesses. between b and e.

"Did you see that? Did you see 'im repressin' me?"

Beth smiled. Suddenly she knew how she would get to know this new girl. "Want to touch my rock?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Anna said. Her eyes sparkled, and Beth knew that the magic had worked again.

To contact FUGG or pants n'skirt email rapunzelinsuburbia@hotmail.com

"King? I didn't vote for you!"